

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy.

Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,
Deliu'ed strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypress Trees:
Their cheefest Prospekt, murthering Basilisks:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:
Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Comfort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grassie grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that sursets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
Aduenrure to be banish'd my selfe:
And banish'd I am, if but from thee.
Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, we'r't thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery feuerall pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more: Live thou to ioy thy life;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whether goes Vaux so fast? What newes I
prethee?

Vaux. To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinall Beauford is at point of death:
For sodainly a greuous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humfries Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King.
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiesty,
That euen now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Go tell this heauy Message to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore grieue I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolke moune I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is coming.
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it elie,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers duggie betweene it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away: Though parting be a freerfull corosiu,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wherefore thou art in this worlds Globe,
He haue an *Irre* that shall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A Jewell lockt into the wofullst Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. This way for me. *Exeunt*

*Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the
Cardinal in bed.*

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy
Soueraigne.

Ca. If thou beest death, He giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is scene so terrible.

War. Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee.

Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.

Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?

Can I make men liue where they will or no?

Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.

Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is,

He giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright;
Like Lime-twigs set to catch my winged soule:
Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,
That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.

Lord Cardinall, if thou thinkest on heauens blisse,

Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.

He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are sinners all.

Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,

And let vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lien. The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:

And now loud howling Wolves arouse the Tades

That dragge the Tragick melancholy night:

Who with their drowie, slow, and flagging wings

Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their misty Iawes,

Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:

Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,

For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,

Heere shall they make their rantome on the sand,

Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.

Maister, this Prisoner freely giue I thee,

And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:

The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.

1. Gent. What is my ranfome Master, let me know.

Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head

Mate. And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours.

Lien. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,

And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?

Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:

The liues of those which we haue lost in fight,

Be counter-poy's'd with such a pettie summe.

1. Gent. He giue it fir, and therefore spare my life.

2. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whim. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,

And so should these, if I might haue my will.

Lien. Be not so rash, take ranfome, let him liue.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whim. And so am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore*.

How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by *Walter* I should dye:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,

Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly founded.

Whim. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,

Neuer yet did base dishonour blurte our name,

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell reuenge,

Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,

The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole*.

Whim. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?

Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke.

Lien. But Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,

Obscure and lowlie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster

Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:

Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my Ritrop?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,

And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.

How often hast thou waited at my cup,

Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,

When I haue feasted with *Queene Margaret*?

Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne,

I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:

How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,

And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,

And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whim. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain.

Lien. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Bafe slaine, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Lien. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,

Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy owne.

Lien. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,

I kennell, puddle, snke, whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver Spring, where England drinks:

Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,

For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.

Thy lips that kist the *Queene*, shall sweepe the ground:

And thou that smil'd'st at good Duke *Humfries* death,

Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,

Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.

And wedded be thou to the Haggies of hell,

For daring to affye a mighty Lord

Vnto the daughter of a worthless King.

Haueing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:

By diuellish policy art thou growne great,

And like ambitious *Sylla* ouer-gorg'd,

With gobbers of thy Mother-bleeding heart.

By thee *Aniour* and *Maine* were sold to France.

The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,

Disdaine to call vs Lord, and *Piccardie*

Hath slaine their Gouvernors, surpriz'd our Forts,

And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.

The Princely *Warwicke*, and the *Neuils* all,

Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,

As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.

And now the House of *Yorke* thrust from the Crowne,

By shamefull murther of a guiltlesse King,

And lofty proud inroaching tyranny,

Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours

Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, strining to shine;

Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus*.

The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,

And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,

Is crept into the Pallace of our King,

And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder

Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges:

Small things make bafe men proud. This Villaine heere,

Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more

Then *Bargulus* the strong Illyrian Pyrate.

Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:

It is impossible that I should dye

By